



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Pemadumcook,
Wyptopitlock,
Pattagumpus,
Mattagamonsis.

Gives th' alphabet a pain?
I should smile! An' all from Maine!

E. A. Brinistool, in St. Louis Star.

SENECA WHITE DOG FEAST. The following clipping from "The Washington (D. C.) Post" was sent the editor by Rev. J. S. Lemon. It treats of the "New Year's Feast," or "White Dog Feast" of the Seneca Indians.

"LAWTON'S STATION, N. Y., March 1, 1905. The Seneca Indians of Western New York have ended their New Year's feast. For ten days they have celebrated the midwinter festival in their long house on the reservation, a mile from Lawton's Station.

"The time-honored customs of the Indian New Year are over. The grotesque dances of wooden faces and husk-clad harvest spirits, the thrilling war dance, the fantastic feather dance, have ended for a year. Each has left its lasting impression in the minds of the people of this fading race. Of all the ceremonies, the one which will linger ever vivid in the memories of the Senecas was the 'Wae-yet-gou-to,' prayer song to 'He who made us,' by Chief Ga-ni-yas of the Wolf clan, the venerable leader of the pagan Indians of New York.

"Nothing was so impressive, so dramatic, so touching, as this prayer song to the Great Spirit. Originally it was chanted during the burning of the white dog, but for a score of years the sacred white dog has been extinct among the Senecas, and never since has the prayer song been heard in the long houses where ceremonies are celebrated.

"The old chiefs have viewed with increasing sorrow the decay of the religion and race, and, believing it due to the neglect of old covenants with the Great Spirit, importuned old Chief Crow to recite again the prayer that once gave the nation strength to conquer the evil things and thoughts that the white invader brought.

"When the aged priest stood at the altar before the yawning fireplace, the people bowed their heads, tears coursed down the furrowed coppery cheeks of the older men, younger men breathed hard with suppressed emotion, and the women hid their faces in their shawls. With bared heads the company of the faithful sat around the square before the altar.

"The striped dog pole leaned against the fireplace, but there was no dog. The white man's civilization had swept all away, and the Great Spirit would not send more. The preacher must therefore pray more earnestly, for now there was no spirit of the faithful dog to carry the message with it.

"The tobacco smoke alone remained to do this. A basket of exquisite workmanship filled with the sacred herb stood on the hearthstone at the preacher's feet.

"No priestly robes adorned the old chief. He had no beaded shirt of buckskin, gay with brilliant spangles, no painted pouch of elkskin, no red sandstone pipe, no embroidered moccasins, nor did even an eagle feather dangle from his flowing locks. He wore a black square-cut suit and polished kid shoes, yet beneath this varnish of civilization beat a heart as strongly Indian in feeling as that of any medicine-man of the Sioux or Apaches.

"The wood in the fireplace snapped and cracked, and the preacher faced the leaping yellow flames. His back was turned toward the assembly, as he intoned the sacred words.

" 'Hoh! Hoh! Hoh!' he cried, and then the people knew that the Great Spirit was listening. This was what he said:—

" 'Da ne agwa oneh nehwah oneh !
 Da sah-tone-dot ga oyah geb chijah !
 Eees neh Hawenin !
 Goah ya-dats-no-deh
 I'naho agwuh siya heowah gaiyan dot.
 O-gai yaugweonji ogaukwa oweh !'

In English it may be rendered thus:—

" 'Now at this time we are beginning!
 Oh, listen, thou Great Father !
 You are the Great Spirit !
 We stand around the pole
 At this appointed season.
 Oh, now I send word to Heaven !
 Oh, listen, you who live above,
 Look down and see how few of us are left !
 Many more called upon you long ago !
 How few are left !
 Do not forget us because the old men have gone now !'

"The listening Indians were spellbound as the intoned words poured from the lips of the preacher. Each felt a new joy kindling. Louder then the preacher called, and then his voice broke and sank to a whisper.

" 'My voice is old, my people,' he said, 'but the Great Spirit will help me, for I talk to Him.'

"Then with one supreme effort he struggled on, his body swaying with intense earnestness, and his voice rang true and distinct again.

" 'We have your words to us about thanking,
 So we have come at this appointed season
 To please you who live above the world.
 I put tobacco in the flames to lift my words to you.
 Oh, you great maker of all !
 Now listen to your children !
 Oh, do not forget your children,
 You who live above !
 We want the same blessings you have always given !'

"For two hours the pagan preacher chanted, calling upon the Great Spirit.

"To most white men a pagan Indian means a superstitious savage. But that is not true of the pagans here. They are honest, sober, and thoughtful men who love the God of Nature and worship Him devoutly. One has only to listen to the prayer song and watch the faces of the listeners to discover this.

"Pagans live and dress like white men, and as they assemble in the long house, all are in ordinary attire, yet beneath all there is the Indian heart, and no influence of civilization can change its beating from the old way.

"The preacher lowered his voice.

"Oh, Great Spirit, listen while you are smoking.

We are all young people now,

We only talk like children.

These four things we thank you for :

Wainondondyeh, Stawahgowa, Ganawangowa, Dyoheyko !

This is all we can do now. We are but children.'

"Grasping the tobacco basket he flung it into the fire. No one must ever touch that which held the tobacco that lifted up the words to 'He-who-lives-above.' No basket collector can ever boast of having the dog sacrificial basket in his collection. No bribe will purchase that which is the Great Spirit's.

"When the last splint of the incense basket had been consumed the wae-yet-gou-to ceremony was at an end.

"The preacher put on his overcoat and hat, and took his seat with his people. The chief singers took their places in the main hall, and chanted songs centuries old, in honor of the Great Spirit.

"When Chief Kettle was asked how he could be a pagan in the midst of the Empire State civilization, living like a white man and using every convenience of civilization, he answered : —

"I may live and dress like a white man, but it was never paint or feathers, wampum or moccasins, that made our religion. Our religion is dressed only by the heart.'"

NEGRO GENIUS. As a dispatch from Washington, D. C., the "Evening Transcript" (Boston, Mass.) of February 18, 1905, published the following concerning the investigations of Mr. Daniel Murray : —

"Daniel Murray, for many years an assistant in the Library of Congress, is preparing a historical review of the contributions of the colored race to the literature of the world, with a complete bibliography relating to that subject. Public attention was sharply called to this question of the intellectual capacity of the Negro six years ago by Booker T. Washington and other colored men of prominence, when the United States government was preparing an exhibit for the Exposition at Paris, 1900. Mr. Washington urged that advantage be taken of the opportunity to show what the colored race had contributed to the world's literature. The authorities consenting, Mr. Putnam, librarian of Congress, detailed Mr. Murray to make a list of all books and pamphlets written and published by authors identified with the colored race. As only four months intervened from the detail to the opening, the